

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
O N L O V E.

AT the present day few of the young of either sex, unperverted by *fashion* or undepraved by *debauchery*, do not firmly believe in, and long to experience the pleasures of LOVE. To love and be beloved they esteem the height of human felicity; and the desire of such a state has no little influence upon their actions whatever be their situations in life. "To this fond desire," our dramatists, poets, and novelists, principally address their writings; they know that in spite of the affected moralist or snarling critic, their pages must blaze with the *flame of love*, if they would light up pleasure in the imagination of the young.

Indeed it may be said that this is one of those pleasing reveries in which the imagination is allowed to indulge, as some compensation for the disappointments and disgusts which we so frequently suffer in real life. That it often proves so, is undoubtedly too true; but I apprehend it is more owing to the improper education of youth, than to the impossibility of the thing, that these delightful images are not more generally and in a greater degree realized. There was a time when they were not deemed the mere illusions of fancy. The æra of *chivalry* was the æra of *love* and of *greatness*. But it may be objected that the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the disposition of the people, induced an enthusiasm of mind favourable to the reception of ideas the most romantic; very unlike the present day, when an attention to commerce and the arts have given to *reason* the superiority over *fancy*, and substituted *common sense* for the *vagaries of imagination*. If it was enthusiasm it was the enthusiasm of *virtue*; and those whose actions it influenced experienced a happiness, which we may look for in vain from our boasted reason or our darling *common-sense*. I am persuaded that no one whose soul is undebased by the habitual indulgence of sensual passions, can read with attention the history of those heroic times, without regretting with the *perverted orator of England*, that the days of *Chivalry* are no more. But I trust that the spirit of those days might be in some degree resuscitated and made the characteristic of our own, were a due attention paid to the education of our youth, and especially of that sex which has been so shamefully neglected.

In *Female Education* much has been censured, and much recommended; but unhappily for most of the writers on this subject, in aiming at, they have overshot the mark. As a remedy for the disease they have prescribed a medicine, which by operating in a contrary extreme would be likely to produce consequences equally pernicious to the health of society. In my opinion those who would have the women co-partners with us in the rougher tasks of life, are hardly less reprehensible than those who regard them but as instruments of procreation and pretty playthings, with which to trifle in an hour of leisure and relaxation.

That tender frame was never intended to sustain the labours of professional life, nor that mental liveliness to be depressed, or that sweetness of temper soured by cares and disappointments. While *Man* with a body pliant and robust, and a mind vigorous and capacious, was destined to toil thro' active life; *Woman, lovely Woman!* the last, best work of the Deity, with a form angelic, animated by a mind vivacious, acute and nicely discriminating, obedient to the dictates of a heart throbbing with the tenderest sensibilities, was designed the sweetener of his toils, the soother of his sorrows, and the former of his mind to elegance and virtue.

That she may answer an end so important, the cultivation of those powers of *intellect* and qualities of *heart*, is her first duty, and should be her greatest care.

Would the females keep in view the influence they possess on our education, they would not fail to perceive an attention to their own as nearly connected with the welfare of mankind. At the present day when their society is so much prized, the character of the youth will greatly depend upon that of the females with whom he converses; are they frivolously inclined, are they distinguished by an excessive attachment to equipage and dress? He will imbibe a love for trifes and an aversion for every laudable pursuit; but have they on the other hand learned to make solid attainments the objects of their esteem? do they admire and respect the man of sense, and treat with contempt the coxcomb and the fop, he will to recommend himself to their esteem, form himself to usefulness and virtue.

Z.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 4, 1796.



# HISTORY OF DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 243.)

THOSE who followed him, perceived he was in an agitation, which made them expect some great event; but among them all, there was not one who did not wish it might turn in favour of Elvira. When he went into the chamber of Elvira, the silence that reigned there, the consternation that appeared in the faces of the attending slaves, the dog which lay a frightful spectacle, extended on the floor, near the basin, in which some of the chocolate was yet remaining; all together filled him with so dreadful a suspicion, that quite overcome with it, he threw himself down on the carpet, and could utter no more than, "Oh Heaven! what do I see! and what have I done!"

Elvira being a little recovered from the surprize his unexpected presence had occasioned; "Pardon me, my lord," said she, "that I refuse to submit to a death, which I could not persuade myself was the effect of your commands. I have preserved my life, for you alone to be the disposer of it. I cannot resolve to be the sacrifice of the cruel Princess of Achen, but I am ready to yield to any sentence pronounced by you. If my death is necessary to you, command it this instant. Speak, my Lord, though the fatal draught Xerina had prepared for me has yet only served for the destruction of that animal, there still remains enough to give me the satisfaction of proving how much I think it my glory to submit to you."

While she was speaking in this manner, Thamar grew pale as death. Don Sebastian stood ready to pierce the heart of hated rival, if he durst presume to make any attempt on the life of Elvira, and all the company were filled with the utmost admiration of the high virtue of that admirable lady, and contempt for the unworthy possessor of such a treasure. Don Lama was not in a condition to observe these different emotions; his eyes were fixed on Elvira, seeming to devour every word that came out of her mouth. It was some time before he could make any reply; but, at last, using his utmost efforts to vanquish a grief, which, in spite of him, began to manifest itself in his tears; "Let all," said he, "but Thamar and the black slave go out of the room." Every person obeyed; "Madam," said he, to the Vice Queen, "it would be vain for me to pretend to justify myself—nothing can excuse my crime, not even the remorse it has occasioned. I confess, the affronts I have offered you, have been gross, and I owe you all manner of reparations for the offences I have been guilty of. I wish it was permitted me to revenge you on all your enemies; but add to the patience you have had in your sufferings, the generosity to pardon a princess, who will be enough punished in the loss of her hopes. As I cannot bring my heart to yield you up that principal victim, I will, however, make you a sacrifice of her agents. These two unhappy slaves," continued he, pointing to Thamar and Zelim, "shall experience how dangerous it is to be charged with such commissions. As

"for myself, I feel that Heaven, irritated by the repeated wrongs I have done you, will not allow me time to repair them, and that my death will shortly be the only happiness I shall be able to procure you."

These words touched Elvira to the soul; a tender compassion overflowed all her resentment, and looking on him with the most charming sweetness; "ah! my Lord," said she, "if you consent that I shall live, you must also resolve to live with me. I not only pardon Xerina, but I will never remind you of her fault. As for these slaves," continued she, "it is to them I am indebted for my life; they are innocent, and all the reparation I intend is, that you would protect them from the fury of the princess of Achen." She then made a sign to Thamar to inform the Vice-Roy how Xerina had suborned Zelim. This amiable maid obeyed her with the most graceful address; and, without injuring the truth, concealed the secret motives which had made them so zealous for the preservation of Elvira. Don Lama heard her with attention; and when she had done speaking, "Alas Madam," said he to the Vice Queen, "they are indeed worthy not only of pardon, but of recompence; permit them to remain in your service."

With these words, he went out of the room; and Thamar disquieted for Don Sebastian, whom Donna Elvira never suspected for any thing but what he seemed, entreated her to permit him to retire to the Jew Isaac, where he would have nothing to fear; she consented, but commanded him not to quit Goa, without her order. Suza made no other answer, than a low bow, and taking the advantage of the confusion which the whole palace of the Vice-Roy was in, went out without any notice being taken of him, and retired to the house of the Jew, where Alvarez and Leonora impatiently waited for him, and the issue of this adventure.

He recounted exactly to them all the particulars; but the sight of Elvira, and the repentance of his rival had put his mind in so great a confusion, that he scarcely thought on any thing else.

Lama had no sooner left Elvira, than he placed guards about the Princess of Achen, under the pretence of defending her from the rage of the Portuguese, on being informed, that she had attempted to poison the Vice-Queen; but, in reality, to prevent her from any new assault on Elvira, to whom he now gave the liberty of the whole palace, ordered she should command as absolute sovereign, and that she should take possession of that apartment, which it was her right to have filled ever since her arrival, recalled Leonora; and, in fine did every thing that could be expected to attest his penitence and shame for his past behaviour.

The beautiful and virtuous Vice-Queen seemed to take no other pleasure in her liberty, than because it gave her an opportunity of being near her husband, who on the very next day after this change in her fortune she found in bed, a violent fever having succeeded his agitations. Donna Elvira, truly sensible of the pains he languished under, and shutting herself up with him, never quitted his bed side one moment all the time of his sickness. Lama testified his gratitude by all the marks of a sincere repentance, never opening his mouth



but to ask her forgiveness, and to entreat she would not hate him. These kind of discourses pierced the heart of the beautiful Elvira, and, in spite of the repugnance she had to love him, gave her duty all the air of the most perfect tenderness. The fourth day of his indisposition, his fever arrived to such a height that the physicians despaired of saving his life; which Elvira no sooner was apprized of, than she burst into a torrent of unfeigned tears. Thamar and Leonora, who seconded their dear mistress in her assiduities about him, shared also her griefs; and sighs and groans were all the language now to be heard among them.

The Vice-Roy knew by their tears, as well as by what he found in himself, that there was no hope of his recovery, and desired that Leonora and Thamar might draw near to be witness of what he had to say: they obeyed; and resuming his discourse, "madam," said he to Elvira, with a dying voice, and pointing to a casket that stood near him on a table, "you will find my last will in that; but I desire you will not open it till you arrive at Lisbon." "Whither I wish you to go as soon as the weather will permit you to make that voyage." I commit, continued he, the care of this casket to Leonora, with a strict charge, not to deliver it into your hands, but in the presence of Don Pedro de Zuarez, your uncle; Don Sebastian de Suza; and those others of your friends, whom you can conveniently summon together." Then he ordered Leonora to take the said casket, and continued in giving the key to the Vice-Queen; "You will see madam, an authentic testimony of the esteem I have for you, and the admiration you have inspired me with; I flatter myself, that my last moments will keep you from remembering me with detestation." He had perhaps said more, but he found himself too ill, and some moments after he lost his reason, and died in the arms of Elvira, who had stretched them out to embrace him.

They immediately removed her from this dismal spectacle, and Thamar and Leonora carried her into her own apartment, almost as disconsolate as if she had lost what was most dear to her in the world.

During the sickness of Don Balthazar, the Princess of Achon ceased not to write to him every hour, entreating she might be permitted to speak to him, tho' but for a moment. Leonora, however, and Thamar, to whom these letters were delivered, suffered none of them to come to his hand; judging it improper, as he had not spoke a word that testified he had any remembrance of her, to renew the idea of her in his mind.

This violent Princess, on the change of Don Balthazar, and the news of his death, attempted several times to destroy herself, and it was not without the utmost care that she was prevented from executing her desperate purpose. Donna Elvira, informed of her situation, was influenced by her generosity, so far as even to send to console her, and to let her know she was at the same liberty at Goa as heretofore.

This beautiful widow ordered the most magnificent obsequies for her spouse; and when disengaged from the solemnities of the first mourning, began to think of quitting

a place which had afforded her so little satisfaction. The ships were now making ready to depart for Lisbon, and she was willing to go with the first that should set sail; and therefore, made all necessary preparations for embarking; but not having forgot the service done her by the Moor Zelim, she commanded Thamar to have him found, and brought to her. This agreeable slave obeyed the order with pleasure, and very well knew where to find him, he being still at the Jew Isaac's, whence he had no thoughts of removing till he saw what resolutions Donna Elvira would take after the death of Don Balthazar.

During all these accidents, Leonora and Thamar were frequently with Sebastian, to inform him of all that passed. Alvarez and the fair slave, seeing all things happen so favourable for him, advised him to discover himself to Elvira, and to make known the amorous Sebastian under the disguise of the faithful Zelim; but he was better acquainted with the nicety of Elvira's virtue than they were, and judged, that his presence would alarm her, at a juncture so very delicate: he, therefore, made his respect triumph over his love, the more to conform himself to the sentiments of her he adored, and resolved not to be known to her till they should arrive in Portugal; thinking that perhaps there might be vile tongues who might misrepresent her character, if they should find she had received any services, during her husband's life, from the man whom she had loved before marriage; in spite, therefore, of those emotions which hope and joy inspired in him, he resolved to continue in his first designs; and when Thamar came to call him to her, he assured that slave, that he would not utter one word, or do one action, that should give her room to think he was any other than at present he pretended to be.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### BON MOT of the celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN.

**D**URING the Doctor's residence in England, a short time previous to the American war: A countryman of his own, just arrived from Philadelphia, called to pay his respects to him, and to deliver a few letters with which he had been entrusted for him.

It happened to be one of the Doctor's days for receiving company, when, as usual the room was full of visitors; but unfortunately the footman, in reaching the stranger a chair, threw down, and totally demolished, a curious and most superb weather-glass, which had cost upwards of thirty guineas, and which its owner would not have parted with on any consideration whatever.

Nothing could exceed the concern of the gentleman, who immediately began to apologize for the footman, and to take the whole blame upon himself.

"Pooh! Pooh, (interrupted the Doctor with the true spirit of a philosopher) never mind sir; to tell you the truth, I think myself much obliged to you. I don't know what weather you have had at sea, but we have had a very dry season in England. We now, I hope, shall have rain; for I protest I never saw the glass so low in my life."



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA\*P\*A,  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tjchint.*

*(Continued from page 246.)*

I NOW began to think that the Unknown either had no design upon me, or given it up because he had despaired of attaining his purpose. "For if neither were the case, (said I to myself) would he not have done his utmost to prevent my departure, or at least to delay it till he should have gained his aim. I was in his power; If he had had a design upon me, how could he have suffered so fine an opportunity to escape, which never will return again. Should he not have exerted all his power to retain me at a place where the presence of the beautiful Countess occupied and perplexed my soul so much, that he could have ensnared and guided me very easily without apprehending any thing of my observing him." In short, I acquitted him of all suspicion, and considered him as a great man who was above all mean artifices, and would never dishonour by a bad use the secret power which he possessed.

The suspicion of my tutor of his being secretly associated with the lady, appeared to me to be still more unfounded and absurd. "If both had been leagued to entangle me in their nets, (said I to myself) how could they shew so much indifference and inactivity at my departure. How contradictory would it have been if the Unknown had dissolved the intimacy which was produced between myself and the lady by an apparition of his own contrivance, and removed me from her house? If she had preconcerted matters with him, whence that dread at the apparition, whence her terror, whence the horrible consequences of it, and the violent effect of her health? No, this cannot have been the work of the arts of dissimulation. A natural swoon can be distinguished from an artificial one, and the language of truth from that of fraud, and even the highest degree of dissimulation betrays itself after some time by little traits, which cannot escape the eye of a clear sighted observer. If the Countess had imposed upon me, then the party-wall between nature and art, fiction and truth, appearance and reality must have been pulled down. And finally: who could have informed my father of my love, and thus effected my separation from the object of my affection? No person besides my tutor and the Unknown was privy to my love for the Countess; the former assured me upon his honour, that he had not betrayed me; my father must of course have been informed of it by the latter. But how could the Unknown have taken this step, if there had been a secret intelligence between him and the lady! No! (said I) Amelia neither is nor can be an impostor; it would be madness and the blackest calumny to suspect her of it; her heart is as pure and amiable as her soul." Thus I discoursed with myself on the road, when the furious grief which was rankling in my heart abated now and then a little.

We were already three days at the place of our destination, when my servant brought me a letter from the post-office. It was from the valet of the Countess, and contained the following afflicting news.

"MY LORD,

"You have ordered me to inform you frequently of the state of my Lady's health, and how great soever the pleasure I always felt when executing your commands may have been, yet I wish this time you had entrusted somebody else with that commission, for the intelligence I am going to give you is of such a nature that my hand trembled to write it down, and my heart bleeds for your Lordship.—Yes! prepare yourself for the worst, for alas! she is dead, my dear Countess is dead!

"Previous to her departure, she recovered her recollection, of which she had been bereft during her illness. She died with the greatest resignation, and I can add with pleasure. The anticipation of the joy to press in yon peaceful mansions her lord again to her bosom, the hope of being reunited to him for ever, conquered all fear of the phantom of death. A few moments before her decease, she inquired after you. I told her that you had left us. 'Left us?' she replied with astonishment. 'Why has he left us?' She died without hearing my answer. O! My lord! spare me the pain of drawing a picture of our grief and sorrow; we all are standing around her coffin like orphans who have lost their mother. Groans and lamentations resound through the castle. My heart bleeds—I must leave off writing. "FRANCIS PALESKY."

I need not tell what effect this intelligence had upon my heart. Such sensations surpass all description. My peace of mind seemed fled for ever; the violent beating of my heart threatened to burst my breast, and almost suffocated me. I threw my cloak around my shoulders and hurried into the fields like a mad man. Without recollection was I roving about, as far as my feet would carry me. When the violent workings of my heart began to abate, after I had roamed about for some hours, I found myself at the borders of a river in an unknown place. The silver rays of the moon were skipping upon the chrysal waves, and I walked up and down the bank lost in gloomy meditation. The awful solemn silence of a church-yard reigned around me. The unison murmuring of the river, added to the gloominess of my soul.

I felt an irresistible desire to bury myself and my grief in the waves. I went to the brink of the rising bank, looked around, and then fixing my eyes again upon the water, methought some one was whispering in my ear:—"In these waves is rest, why dost thou hesitate to drown thy endless sufferings." I fancied Amelia was rising from the waves and winking me to follow her. "Yes!" exclaimed I, "I am coming." So saying I plunged into the water. The current hurried me rapidly along, I entangled myself in my cloak and went to the bottom.



I had soon swallowed so much water, that I was bereft of all recollection.

When my senses returned, I was seized with a strange unspeakable sensation—I felt, indeed, that I was no longer in the water, but *where* I was I could not guess. Intense darkness surrounded me; the kingdom of eternal silence seemed to have received me. I felt that I was lying on firm ground, but not a single glimmering of light hailed my eyes. Different confused ideas crowded upon and tormented me. I had kept myself as quiet as possible for a considerable time, but at length the incertitude in which I was, left me no rest. My apprehensions hurried me up; when I was going to rise, I felt myself pressed down again by an unknown power. I gave a scream of horror, and the echo of my own voice filled me with awful dread.

After a long painful pause, I heard, not far from me, somebody exclaim, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" at the same time, I felt a push from behind, and a flame arose within a small distance from me, spreading a bluish glimmer around. I beheld myself in a spacious empty vault, and not far off espied a man wrapped in a scarlet cloak, with a round hat that covered part of his face which was turned towards me. He was standing there silent and motionless like a statue. My blood curdled in my veins, and my hair bristled; I fancied myself to be at the place of eternal judgment. After a long and awful pause, the former voice exclaimed once more, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" The man in the scarlet cloak was still silent and motionless; my heart shrank with chilly dread; my teeth began to chatter.

After a long interval the man seemed to stir.—Fear roused my spirit; I addressed myself to him.—"Who-soever thou art," said I, "thou art probably my pre-  
"server; receive my thanks, and tell me why I am in  
"this place, and how I came hither?" Neither my  
thanks nor my apprehension seemed to move him; he  
remained silent and without motion. Now all my cou-  
rage and every glimmer of hope left me.

The exclamation of woe resounded a third time, the phantom lifted the hat, and opened his cloak. He was dressed in black; a white beard was flowing down his breast; he came towards me with slow and solemn steps.

"Dost thou know me?" he said, with a voice which thrilled my marrow and bones. He advanced a step more, and looking me in the face, I dropped to the ground with a loud scream. It was the *Unknown*.

I lay prostrated on my face a long while, as if struck down by a clap of thunder; at length I got on my tottering legs. "Dost thou know me?" he repeated with a look which pierced my soul, and with a tone which makes even the righteous tremble. "Unfathomable being, who art hovering about me every where! I do not know thee, though I have seen thee frequently."

He paused a while.

"What hast thou done?"

The words died upon my lips.

"Dost thou value life so little, as to throw it away  
"for the sake of a woman?"

"The loss of *Amelia*—my love——"

"Be silent; can the loss of a woman justify the self-  
"murder of a man! Miserable wretch! thou knowest  
"the value of thy life, as little as thy duties!"

"Alas! if you knew the power of love——"

"Love is the sweetener of life, but to make it the  
"scope of life is madness."

"My infatuation——"

"Infatuation is no excuse becoming a man, who soars  
"above the common herd, by the power of reason-  
"ing."

"Pronounce my doom, my fate is in thy power."

"Well then, listen to what I am going to say."

"Providence has placed thee in a situation, the impor-  
"tance of which thou hast not weighed before thou didst  
"plunge into the waves. Thou art the son of a Duke,  
"and soon will succeed thy noble father.—Has thy des-  
"tiny no charms for thee? Dost thou deem it of no  
"value to become one time the arbiter of the happiness of  
"many thousands? I am not speaking now of the happi-  
"ness of thy future subjects only, I am speaking of the  
"welfare of the state, whose member thou art, and upon  
"the constitution of which thou canst, and shalt have the  
"most important influence, if thou desirest it. Or should  
"it be indifferent to thee that thy native country groans  
"under the goad of a foreign tyrant, and by degrees  
"is reduced to a deadly languor by its ever bleeding  
"wounds? Is a woman dearer to thy heart than the  
"common weal? Can the distress of thy country, the  
"voice of honour, which calls thee to great immortal  
"deeds, prevail so little upon thy mind, that a mean,  
"self-interested passion is sufficient to employ all thy  
"intellectual powers, and to make thee forget all thy  
"honourable connections, and the concerns of a whole  
"oppressed people?—Speak! answer me!"

"Let the blushes which cover my burning face  
"serve instead of an answer."

"Woe unto thee that thou art in want of these ad-  
"monitions, in order to see the whole extent of the  
"atrociousness of thy deed! Harken to me, and hear  
"thy sentence! Thou art a mean, thoughtless man, un-  
"deserving the post which Providence has pointed out  
"to thee, whilst thou art concentrating thy wishes in the  
"favours of a woman, and thinkest her loss the greatest  
"misfortune that can befall thee; while thou art regard-  
"less of thy great calling; while active patriotism and  
"honour are not thy constant companions, and thy heart  
"does not thirst for the glory of noble deeds!"

"Thou hast roused my patriotism, and my thirst for  
"glory; I will adopt thy principles. Farewell love,  
"and every mean passion. To dedicate myself to honour,  
"and to the welfare of my fellow-citizens, be from hence  
"my sole aim!"

"I do not want thee to renounce love entirely, but  
"only cease being her slave. I only desire thee to dedicate  
"to her none but thy leisure hours, and not to ascribe  
"to her a value which she has not. *Do not confine thyself*  
"*to individuals, but make the whole thy chief aim. Trifles*  
"must have no charms for thee, and the opinion of com-



"men men no value. Learn to know thyself and to value thy life. I do not wish thee to fear death, but only to honour life as an instrument to the great ends for which thou hast been endowed with superior intellectual powers. Swear that thou never wilt seek death until thy life shall cease being useful to thy fellow citizens! swear!"

"I swear by God and by my honour to follow thy advice."

He looked at me with an eye which cannot be deceived by false appearance; he was looking at me for some time. The flame began to blaze aloft, and a soft enchanting music to vibrate in my ear. I heard harmonious strains, but saw nobody; a sweet angelic voice accompanied by melodious notes of a harp: the theme of its song was—*Amelia lives!*

"Amelia lives?" I exclaimed with amazement.

"She lives!" the *Unknown* replied, "but do not enquire farther."

He blindfolded my eyes and led me away. I ascended a flight of steps, and descended another; at length I came into the open field. I put several questions to my conductor, but he gave me no answer. At length the bandage was removed from my eyes, and looking around, I found myself standing at the door of my house. My conductor was no where to be seen.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

(Continued from page 247.)

AFTER the family (which consisted only of an old mulatto and his daughter) had retired to rest, the old man seating himself upon a sofa, placed Albudor by his side, and taking his hand said, "my son, curiosity is a fault which human nature cannot rectify. I know you are desirous of hearing my tale, and therefore instead of devoting this night to sleep, I will dedicate it to you.—My name is St. Herbert.—I was born at the grand City of New-York, of affluent parents, and was the youngest of eleven children, my education was such as might be expected from people in our station, for after having received all the literary assistance that our best seminaries could afford me, I was sent to *Europe* to perfect my studies.

"The scenes I there passed through were such as I suppose most travellers meet with, I will not therefore enter into a detail of them. But proceed to that period of my life, which is far more interesting.

"I had been returned to my native city about a fortnight, when strolling gaily, near sun-set, through an obscure street in search of adventures, I thought (as I passed a neat brick building) that I felt some drops of water falling on me, I looked up and perceived that they came from the hand of a most beautiful girl, who was sprinkling some flowers which stood in the second

"story window—she blushed and asked my pardon, and in her confusion dropt a glove, which I cavalier like, picked up and ran up the sloop with, intending to give it to one of the servants. But her pretty feet had borne her to the door swift as flight, to meet me and repeat her apologies.—New were the throbs that hurried through my heart—I had never seen such loveliness before—I had traversed the luxuriant provinces of France, and the fertile plains of Austria, I had passed through Italy, Spain, and Great-Britain, and had mingled in circles of the most fashionable females, among whom were many that the world called *unparelled!* I had admired, but I never loved till now.

"I stood looking at her longer than politeness approved of; her large black eyes, so sweet, so expressive, rivetted my gaze, and all the external charms that I had read of, and laughed at as ideal, I now found realized in her—However when I perceived her great embarrassment, I bowed and departed.

"I had scarcely arrived at home, when my father desired to speak to me in his study—my boy (said he as I seated myself) although you are the youngest of my children, you know that you are my chief pride. I have spared no pains to render you completely accomplished, and have a genteel annuity laid up for you, while your brothers will be under the necessity of providing partly for themselves, since then I have been such a kind parent to you, I am sure you will not refuse me one small request," he paused a minute and then added, "I wish you to marry, and have chosen for your partner, the fair daughter of my friend Bentley."

"Overwhelmed with surprize and grief, I covered my face with my handkerchief and stood motionless—why this silence? (demanded my fire) can my darling son hesitate one moment to comply with my desires." "Oh my beloved my honoured father (exclaimed I dropping on my knees before him, and clasping my hands) had you made this proposal yesterday, I had embraced it with rapture, delighted that I had it in my power to glad the heart of so good a parent—but to day—what of to day" (interrupted he sternly) "alas (replied I) to day I must not dispose of myself; and have you dared to marry without my consent," said he rudely pushing me from him. "No honoured sir (announced I) but a fair stranger has this day made me her captive, and unless I may possess her, life will no longer be desirable—he arose without speaking, and traversed the room for some time, with his arms folded and his eyes cast down. I thought I perceived a tear-like moisture upon his cheek.—George (said he at length) you have frustrated one of my most pleasing designs, yet I have such a desire for your happiness, that I forgive you," he passed his hand over his eyes, "Go then (added he) and find out who this fair stranger is, and if she meets with my approbation, she shall be yours, if there is a possibility of obtaining her." I left my humble station, and kissed his aged hand, then stimulated by love. I darted away in search of my enchantress.



"I had not gone far, when to my great surprize and joy I met her, and foregoing all ceremony, I address'd her, and told her that I had some particular news to relate, pressing her to return home for a few minutes. While I was speaking I observed that she looked very melancholy and sigh'd several times; however, I succeeded, and when we had entered a small parlour at her house, told her as much of my history as concerned her.

"Ah me (sigh'd she as I concluded) I am in a worse condition than you, for my uncle is determined to unite me with a man whom I utterly detest, and death would be far more desirable than such a connection. Oh tell me your name charming girl (said I) that I may inform my father, he has eloquence, and may dissuade your uncle from his cruel purpose."

"At that instant her uncle entered, I made him a profound reverence, which he returned with a sulky nod, and pass'd through the room, saying as he went, Louisa follow me directly, I want you, she cast a sorrowful glance at me and rose, when I press'd her yielding hand to my lips and withdrew.

"As I quitted the porch I perceived an old man standing at the gate of the next house. 'My friend (said I) can you tell me who is the young lady that lives in the house I have just left.' 'Yes Sir' returned he, 'it is Miss Howard, she lives with her uncle Mauriffon, a cross old fellow who is beloved by nobody.' I put a guinea into his hand and flew home, with a high beating heart of joy, for I had reason to think that I was not indifferent to her I loved, and I flattered myself that my father's respectability would procure the uncle's consent. 'Oh my dear father (said I as I entered his room wild with transport) the name of my love is Howard?' 'Howard!' (reiterated he in a tone of voice that culled every smile from my face) 'Howard, and with whom does she reside?' 'with her uncle Mauriffon,' I answered. 'Poor fool,' said he rising and casting at me a look of the utmost disdain, 'poor unfeeling fool to fix your affections upon that girl. Mauriffon, an old capricious villain, the veriest enemy I have in the world! pause on what I say George, if you resolve to love her, I will rend you from my heart, I will dispense you, go to her and be miserable.'

ANNA.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## A FRAGMENT.

"THAT time is past, and I am now doomed to be miserable," said she—"But dear sir, if you can spare something to relieve my wants, heaven will certainly bless you." I searched my pockets, and freely gave her what was therein. "Good woman" said I, "he may yet return—your husband may again clasp you in his arms."—"It is impossible," returned she, "He has been gone from me these eight years, I have never heard a word from him—he is certainly dead."—Tears followed her words—she sobbed out her thanks—

my heart was not callous to the feelings of humanity, and my tears soon flowed as copiously as her's. I felt for her—she has no friend, thought I—I will contribute what I can to support her—This relieved my heart—I determined to put it in practice—I invited the woman to accompany me home, and told her she should want for nothing. I took hold of her child's hand. I had nearly reached home, when a man in a sailor's habit arrested my attention. He was eagerly enquiring at the door of a house, for a woman who once lived there. I stood still to listen to what he said. He saw me, and approached—"Sir" said the stranger, "can you inform me where?"—He stopped short, and flew to embrace the woman, who then came up, and called her his wife—It was her long lost husband—she informed him of my good intentions towards her. He came up, and thanked me, and said he had enough for them to live on; I presented his child to him—he strained her to his breast, and stiled himself the happiest of mortals—His wife asked the reason of his long, very long absence. He replied that he had been a prisoner in Barbary, for a considerable time and had encountered innumerable hardships.

I invited him to go with me home, and give us a minute detail of his adventures which he did in the following manner.

*The history in our next.*

NEW-YORK, Feb. 8, 1796.

L. B.

## NEW-YORK.

## MARRIED.

At Westharp, Mr. JAMES WYATT, aged 107 years; to Mrs. ANNE YORKE, of Nempnet, aged 91.

On Saturday 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. REVOUGH, to Miss MARY SITCHER, both of this city.

On Sunday se'nnight by the Rev. Mr. Mildoller, Mr. JOHN ADELL, to Miss HANNAH SMITH, both of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Philip Mildoller, Mr. JOHN FREDERICK SEAMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH POWELL, of Long-Island.

On Monday the 4th ult. at Yonkers, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, JAMES MORRIS, Esq. to Miss HELEN V. CORTLANDT, daughter of Augustus Van Cortlandt, Esquire.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

*From the 1st to the 6th inst.*

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	8. 1. 5.
FEB. 1	16	50	28	50	50	w. sw. do. clear light wind ditto
2	30		36		35	sw. do. do. cloud. lht wind do.
3	31		31		31	50 n. do. ne. snow light wind do.
4	29	50	33		33	n. nw. do. clear light wind do.
5	21		29		30	n. ne. do. clear light wind do.
6	33		37		50	36 w. sw. s. flow in the night do.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## EMMA'S TOMB.

HUSH'D was the busy, clam'rous noise of day,  
 Silent the rustic ploughman's tuneful strains;  
 The shepherd's charge had long forgot to stray,  
 And midnight dullness reign'd throughout the plains;  
 The village clock proclaim'd the dead of night,  
 When youthful Edward left his cot to roam;  
 In mournful solitude, to seek delight,  
 And drop a silent tear on Emma's tomb.

The silver moon, full orb'd, appear'd on high,  
 Mellifluous odours breath'd in fragrance round,  
 Responsive echoes wafted ev'ry sigh;  
 But Edward's breast no consolation found.  
 The cherish'd image dwelt upon his mind,  
 And o'er his senses cast a deadly gloom:  
 For ah! the fairest of the fairest kind  
 Laid cold and lifeless in his Emma's tomb.

"Perfection's emblem, Nature's darling queen,  
 "The maidens envy and the youths desire:  
 "Thy breast, the seat of love and peace, serene,  
 "Thy bosom, stranger to an unchaste fire.  
 "Virtue and Innocence alike were thine,  
 "Join'd with a matchless form, and youthful bloom—  
 "But thou art gone, all joys I here resign,  
 "To vent my sorrow on my Emma's tomb.

"Death, whose impetuous sway no art can stem,  
 "Who ever reigns with undiminish'd pow'r;  
 "Ne'er robb'd the world of such a brilliant gem,  
 "Ne'er pluck'd so sweet, so beautiful a flow'r.  
 "But retrospection serves to augment my pain,  
 "And darker paint the horrors of my doom:  
 "Alas! my heart forebodes I ne'er again  
 "Shall see the sacred spot—my Emma's tomb."

Thus Edward mourn'd, the breezes ceas'd to blow,  
 The moon began to slope the distant hill;  
 While sympathetic Nature join'd his woe,  
 For all around was sweetly calm and still;  
 With fainting steps he now approach'd the cot,  
 His own, and Emma's once lov'd, peaceful home;  
 But cast, full oft, a look toward the spot,  
 Where Love had plac'd his charming Emma's tomb.

ALEXIS.

New-York, Feb. 1, 1796.

## A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER supreme! who heaven and earth hast made,  
 Eternal praises to thy name be paid.  
 Thy kingdom come. By men thy will be done,  
 As done by those in glory round thy throne.  
 This day our daily bread on us bestow,  
 And pardon our offences, as we shew  
 Pardon to others who offend us here;  
 Nor lead us into trials too severe;  
 But rather guard us in the evil hour;  
 For thine the kingdom is, and thine the power,  
 And thine the glory, to which all things tend,  
 Without beginning, and without an end.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OH! for some lone sequester'd spot,  
 Where I retir'd might dwell;  
 And from my secret humble cot,  
 Ambitious thoughts expel.

There free from envy's gnawing cares,  
 Unknowing and unknown,  
 I'd harbour none but honest fears,  
 And scorn the proud man's frown.

There happy with the girl I love,  
 And friend I most esteem,  
 Each day in pleasure should improve,  
 Each hour with raptures teem.

With her I'd rove through shady bow'rs,  
 With him o'er fields I'd roam;  
 In sweetest converse guile the hours,  
 And feel no wish from home.

Were this my lot how greatly blest,  
 Now far more blest than those,  
 Who high in state by all carels'd,  
 Possess nor friends nor foes.

New-York, Feb. 5, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## EMIGRANT.

REMOV'D far from my native home,  
 From all my soul holds dear,  
 Deserted, left, the world I roam,  
 Without one friend now near.

On ev'ry side I turn my eyes,  
 No kindred face I see,  
 Not one that's join'd in tender ties,  
 Alas! Lo! wretched me.

I once in purest joys was blest,  
 Felt no corroding care;  
 But now, sad change! my tortur'd breast's  
 A victim to despair.

I have the sweets of friendship known,  
 For those lost sweets I mourn;  
 Death took my friend, left me alone,  
 Unhappy and forlorn.

The world can now no pleasure give,  
 I quit each kindred tie;  
 Unnotic'd I would wish to live,  
 And unlamented die.

C. Q.

New-York, Feb. 5, 1796.

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